

A

0000859157



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



SHE WHO WILL NOT
WHEN SHE MAY



a

BERTRAND SMITH
BOOK STORE
140 PACIFIC AVENUE
LONG BEACH, CALIF.

1/10/11

She Who Will Not
When She May



"WHILE I WORKED AWAY AT MODELING."

She Who Will Not When She May

By

Eleanor G. Walton

Illustrated by
C. P. M. Rumford



Philadelphia
Henry Altemus
MDCCCXCVIII

Copyright 1898, by Henry Altemus

List of Illustrations

“WHILE I WORKED AWAY AT MODELING”

—*Frontispiece*

“NATURE IS PERFECT HERE, BUT”— *facing page 28*

“WE LUNCED SUMPTUOUSLY ON

QUAIL AND CHAMPAGNE”

facing page 98

“I WILL GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE” *facing page 110*

Letter I.



MILFORD, June 8th, 1894.

DEAR JACK :

I never felt less like seeing people in my life. In fact I am in just that antagonistic state of mind when it would be the worst thing for me ; and I look forward to these few weeks "alone with my books" and chisel, with grim delight.

If you will let your mind drift here-ward, dear, you will probably find me in Uncle Ellis' old library curled up in a generous old linen-covered chair, whose high back and arms hide me from prying eyes.

It is a delightful old library and ought to have been my mother's ; but fate and an ungenerous will placed it in the hands of an illiterate uncle, who has suspicions of anyone who prefers a book to a plough.

I love to sit in this dear old room, peopled with the thoughts, imaginings, and longings of other people, and of all ages ; to get away from one's self for an hour. I am trying to arrange in some order these scattered volumes. Ma-foi ! I need just such an overhauling ! My feelings need catalogueing ! And if I did catalogue them where would you be, my lord ? Relegated to an alphabetical list of Past Pleasures and Forbidden Fruit.

This old library has row upon row of fine old books, broad margins, vellum and historical bindings, and choice first editions. It is one of those old-fashioned two-story libraries. Books to the ceiling—a rickety old balcony round the room. So, cher ami, I shall be left for a few weeks here, as Gladstone says, “in company with that

great dead with whom we may commune at leisure."

Patchwork reading is a tonic to me. To hold in one hand Jeremy Taylor, and then peep into Tom Jones and his wicked doings, and then as the afternoon sun comes peeping into the room, bringing that delicious feeling of drowsiness, to open that newer looking volume to the left, and while away a few minutes with Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft on the shores of Lake Como.

Did you ever think if you were cast on a desert isle what book you would take with you, could you take but one? Some great man once said the dictionary, "That most consummate expression of human feelings in existence." But I think, cher ami, I would pack in my grip that little volume of Max Muller's *Memories*, which we have read and re-read so often together, and just as often, cher ami, disagreed over. Your letter to-day was not half bad. In fact there is only one drawback in reading your letters—I dread to come to the end

of them. Now this phrase is not original. A very clever woman once wrote it. A woman whose friendship for a well-known man in the world of letters lasted over thirty-two years. Does that appall you? Do you think you will be my friend that long? I mail you with this, a story I found in an old English magazine. You will like it, I know. The repartée is so keen and bright. I know a man very much like the hero. Just as clever at turning a phrase. Do you know him? You ought to—he is your worst enemy. You silly boy, who do the philosophers say is a man's worst enemy? I like the way this man in the book proposes.

“Will you marry me?” he ventures.

“Why do you ask?”

“Partly from curiosity, partly because it is the only way I can make sure of seeing you again, and then I like your hair. Will you?”

Clever, n'est pas?

KATHARINE.

Letter II.



MILFORD, June 12th, 1894.

MON AMI :

While you are doing the festive in the gay city, I am doing nothing in the drowsiest and sleepest of villages. It has beautiful hills and shaded walks, and I have known the time when to sit here and drink in all its beauties (it is all they give one to drink in this terrible village) was contentment. But I have such a passion of antagonism that I long for the asphalt walks and the smart cafés and conventionalities of the most worldly kind. Everything seems

wrong. Why can't we have the things we want before we lose our appetites waiting and longing for them?

My life's basket seems full of the fruit I care nothing for; and the fruit I once loved and could have had but passed by, I now long for and cannot have. It has either rotted or some one else has it. You may think me an ingrate to write this way when one thing is mine, one thing I prize most dearly—your friendship. But even that won't last.

Baf! I have the blue devils. Write me of the silly frivolous world you are in, of your small gossip and of your gay people. It will fit into my feelings best now. I read, loaf, eat, and sleep, which process, my dear Jack, may tend to enlarge my waist, if not my brain.

I went to a lawn fête yesterday. It was rather pretty. The women were lovely; all fluttering about in pink, yellow, and white organdies. The men, ugh, were awful. I was bored to death. I am tired of

men. What, did you laugh? Will you kindly apologize at once? I really am tired of the sex. Isn't there a colony in Asia where only women dwell? Methinks I have read of it some place. But after all I think I am more tired of my own sex, and men are perhaps the best of all stupid things known. One in particular is decidedly charming when he wants to be. Now who do you think that is, my dear fellow? Ah, my dear Apollo, I am sure you know. Can't you guess who he is? Now don't be too modest.

Yours,

KATHARINE.

Letter III.



PHILADELPHIA, June 14th, 1894.

MY DEAR KATHARINE:

Your "no one to love" letter was very characteristic, and a good photograph of one of your moods. Neither your railing at the appeal to the Deity or black hints at finding a sweet rest in the winding river, disturbed me. I did not even feel flattered at your suggestion of preference for my company and my "winning ways." By this time your mood has had a tonic—an antidote. You probably are convalescent. It was simply a bad attack of "lack of

interest." The city is deuced hot and dusty. You ought to be grateful you are out of it. I was bored to distraction last night and had to take refuge in a quiet smoke and a dream of a very dear little woman whom I am longing to see.

I had four people to dine with me here. All silly worldlings, lacking all elements of interest. They fed, traded compliments, exchanged the usual inane jokes and discussions on the marriage question, became mildly sentimental in the moonlight after cocktails and the best Chateau la Rose I could get them, and then departed.

Merci a bon Dieu ! I have an antidote for all after-tastes of such things. I love out of doors, to walk, golf, play polo, ride, and do all these things *Hard*. I love to get wet to my healthy skin and look disgraceful, and *Live*. *Live !* The sense of physical intoxication that comes to me sometimes is a gift straight from some Greek god ; from some sinuous, velvet-skinned tiger. I am coming to that

“Deserted Village” of yours to see you soon. No! Don’t write me I must not. I will pay no attention to your orders. Put on your stout boots, prepare a good disposition and a loving heart and we will together go on a wild tramp over those hills of yours, trusting to luck when noontide comes to be welcomed by the sight of some swinging sign from a wayside tavern or some hospitable cosy farm house. If not,

“A book of verses, underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Oh, wilderness were paradise anew!”

Your earnest belief that we shall never fall in love with one another but shall be ever the closest and best of friends, watched over by that guardian angel of yours, Plato, should never make less our desire to be together. The affection you bear me is simply an overflowing of the intellect. You are all mind—one of those women whose cleverness drowns her heart. Yet, notwithstanding all these complainings, I love

better to see you this way than not at all. Throw away the "blues." You tell me you love sunshine, and I, though I love your ladyship always, in fair or cloudy weather, yet seeing you "beneath the blue sky" is an exquisite happiness. I have touched on a subject I know you do not like.

This strikes me as rather a stupid effort after all! "Gloria in Excelsis" was played with a wrong pedal, and probably won't cheer you. If not, blame it on the fact that nature failed to make me the Stoic you would want me to be. Until Sunday,

Yours,

JACK.

P. S.—For a man who believes that letter-writing is the veriest nonsense, I have done well.

J. H.

Letter iv.



MILFORD, June 16th, 1894.

DEAR JACK :

Rural beauties are all very well, but one can't subsist on them solely. As I sit here this afternoon, from my secure perch on the lower bough of an old apple tree, I can see down the bank the silent river. As it flows past the old farm-houses and groups of children and sleek-looking cattle, it carries in its silent depths secrets of past generations. All this helps make up a perfect scene, but it makes one feel the want of some dear one to enjoy it ; it makes one feel the want of some dear one close by ;

the want of a soul to sympathize with the feelings which arise in and the thoughts which come to one's heart. Nature is perfect here, but the people ! ma foi ! In fact, my dear Jack, it is just one of those cases of "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Why will you tantalize me with the hope of seeing you up here ? You told me it was absolutely impossible for you to get away for even a day before August. But my dear old man, you will be doing a most charitable deed if you will come. Another week of this life will make me a fit candidate for an insane asylum. This round of sleep, eat and drink will kill me. Come Saturday if possible, and you will find your old comrade waiting for you at the old shed of a station, with a one-horse chaise whose sole merit is its antiquity. I send this to the Club to catch you at luncheon. Come and save me from moral and mental stagnation.

Yours in all sincerity,

KATHARINE.



“NATURE IS PERFECT HERE, BUT—”

P. S.—A box of sweetmeats would not be refused. The kind they offer one in the village store here, I think were made for the children of the Red Sea, and for the little boys Herod ordered killed.

Telegram.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

INCORPORATED
21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD.

This Company TRANSMITS and DELIVERS messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by the sender of the following message. Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of Unrepeated Messages, beyond the amount of tolls paid thereon, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed with the Company for transmission.

This is an **UNREPEATED MESSAGE**, and is delivered by request of the sender, under the conditions named above.

THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

NUMBER	SENT BY	RECD BY	CHECK
47	B	R	Paid

RECEIVED: Milford, N.Y. June 18 1894

Dated Philadelphia

To Miss Katherine Pemberton

Impossible to come. Important investigations
Call me to Vienna sail Saturday by
the St Louis. Write letter to the Steamer
God Bless you
JACK

Letter v.



MILFORD, June 20th, 1894.

BON VOYAGE—PLUS CHER AMI :

How many days out will it take for my memory to fade into an indistinct blue on the background of your heart? You are "sea proof" I know, for who else could have taken care of me last spring on that delicious southern sea when I was—well we won't talk about it. It isn't pleasant. Be careful, dear heart, life on shipboard is always *sèduisant*, and once under the spell of that word you are lost. Don't walk about with that sparsely covered blonde head of yours, sniffing trouble; leave all those stunning New York women to the

less attractive men ; those charming little widows, who always appear on shipboard. When Pope wrote, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," I am sure he meant "A little widow is a dangerous thing." So my dear old clumsy Jack, just go sit down and muse a bit on "The girl I left behind me," for she will be just silly enough to indulge in a good cry when the clock strikes the hour of your sailing. Yes, my dear Jack, I am going to sit me down in a quiet little nook back of the old barn that overlooks the mountains and river, and have a delicious cry, as the children express it. I don't want to be selfish, old fellow, but I will miss you mightily. Oh ! why did you have to go ?

You haven't lost your already mortgaged heart, have you ? Do you know, Jack, it is just two years ago to-day since we sealed our vow of eternal friendship with that little lunch at the Club ? I laugh now when I think how I eased my prickly conscience at the idea of a tête-à-tête affair and no chaperon, by your conviction that to an

ordinary society girl it might be bad form, but the fact that I am a work-a-day woman and have a studio of my own, made it all right. My studio was my protection! Ah! my poor atelier covered a multitude of sins. Ah! my sly dear, we swallowed a camel and strained at a gnat that day. My genius! Bah! dear old Jack, my only genius is a great capacity for being your best friend. You see now I was right! that this friendship is possible between man and woman. You laughed at Plato, but we, dear Jack, have proven that the great love I bear you and the deep protecting love you bear me, can be as deep and free from all sentimentality and sensuality as the love of a man for a man. And last year when we celebrated the event—July 2! Ah! you remember. Did Newport ever look prettier, and was a cat-boat ever more badly managed? And now, dear Jack, you run away. I had prepared a surprise for you. A delightful day in the most secluded of country nooks. You know

Hopkinson Smith's "Laguerre and Other Days" in which he describes a day on the Bronx? I want to go there with you. I wrote and asked him if it were reality or fiction, and I enclose his reply which came to-day. So dear, if we cannot be together in the flesh, at least we can be together in thought. And I warn you, my gay Lothario, if you are flirting with any chic-looking New York girl near the starboard watch at ten to-night, I will see you. I will come alongside in the form of a golden-haired mermaid, and woe unto you if you do not appear at the taffrail and come with me to my shell-lined grotto under the sea. Again, bon voyage, dear Jack. I wish you would look up that sketch for me in Paris; you can find some clue to it in the list of the pictures of Bastien Lepage. Thank you for the plaster cast. Poor Michael Angelo would groan in his tomb. But it is not a half bad copy. Amuse yourself well, old fellow, but don't forget me.

KATHARINE.

Letter vi.



U.S.M.S. "ST LOUIS"

June 25th.

DEAR KATHARINE :

What wretched traveling menageries are these great ocean hotels! I do not think the Ark could have been more noisy and crowded. Thank heaven they are swift, and the agony is soon over. It is a bit late for the hoi polloi, and I know very few people on board. Your letter was charming, chere amie, and very characteristic. You know so well I can think of

no one but you. Never talk to me of *séduisant* life on board ship without you. If it had not been for this beastly case of Ralstons' that I must look up, I would be with you to-day. At La Guerre? But instead of that, I am rushing as fast as this shipload of uninteresting humanity will take me, to Vienna. I shall be in Paris three days and will look up your sketch and bring it to you soon, my dear, for I shan't be away but a few weeks. Your letters, Katharine, my dear, are admirably diplomatic. You practise the axiom that language is given to conceal one's thoughts. You know that I respect your views of our friendship, dearest, and have we not sworn to continue in a bond of comradeship and affection that will rival Merrimèè and his "Unconnû"? But, dear heart, I cannot accept as sincere your fear that a more intimate knowledge of me will destroy your illusion. On *vérité*, I am not a half bad fellow when one knows me well. You laugh at this, I'm sure. Your ideas of men are distorted. But enough of

this. Last night we had quite a discussion of your merits in the Caldwell's stateroom. I say merits, for no one present knew of your faults, save your humble servant, and I love them. I am as comfortable to-day as I can be on shipboard. Nothing vexes me save people, and I get away from them as often as possible. The men on board are bores ; the women loud—the kind who lay aside their good manners with their corsets. All the latent vulgarity in man comes out at sea. I will mail this immediately we land.

JACK.

Letter VII.



YACHT REBECCA.

NEWPORT HARBOR, August 1st, 1894.

DEAR OLD JACK :

I am sitting alone on the forward deck of the "Rebecca."

We are anchored in Newport harbor for the festivities of the week. It is wretchedly rough and the yacht is rocking atrociously. But I am oblivious to all sensations save that of anger and disgust.

Disgust with men in general and with one in particular. I wrote you that I had left New York on board of the "Rebecca"

with Mrs. Schuyler-Hampton to follow the N. Y. Y. C. cruise. We have some pleasant people on board, the Taylor girls, the Vanpelts, Miss Orth, who has been so fêted on account of her wonderful voice, Bob Taylor, Harry Higgins, Count La Grange and a man, Harvey Robinson by name, introduced as very clever, very exclusive and bien difficile, and a friend of the Vanpelts.

At first all seemed to be delightful. The sailing was fine, and the yacht, as you know, is a beauty.

We arrived here in time for the Goelet Cup Race, and are to remain for the gayeties of the week. Everyone has gone ashore this afternoon to some garden fête. I declined on the plea of a headache. But Jack dear, I feel like running away. I hate and detest it all.

If you were only here to talk it over with me! I am disgusted with myself that I seem to fail in my purpose to impress upon other people my sincerity in the ideas

and feelings I hold in regard to friendship between men and women.

I will tell you what happened last night. This Mr. Robinson and I have been much together since we left New York. He is most entertaining, and I was neither cold nor indifferent to him. I showed him plainly I enjoyed his companionship. But ugh! the selfishness, the conceit, and sensuality of men render them impossible friends for a woman alone in life; and because I showed him openly that I did like him and that I did enjoy talking with him; and because I was very plain and frank in regard to my views concerning marriage; because I have vowed I would never be the wife of any man, this—well, this gentleman they called him, imagined a woman talking so, was utterly wanting in moral calibre. At all events he forgot himself—forgot that he was a guest as I was, of a woman and a friend, and well—well dear Jack, he was *insulting*. It is all too horrible to write about; and I know it will

only hurt you to have me tell you. Nothing will be said about this and Mr. Robinson and I will meet to-night at dinner as usual. Oh! the hypocrisy of it all!

Jack dear, you don't know what a comfort your friendship is to me. That we understand each other so well, that you can feel a deep strong friendship for me; can love me as I love you in the highest and best way, devoid of all thought of companionship save that which we now enjoy.

Women of my nature should never marry. I fancy I am a product of a practical age and that I have thrown sentiment to the winds, save in so much as it takes to be a loyal and true friend—a friend such as I feel I am to you. Not a weak, forceless thing, but a helpful soul that lives and dares do all for you. Our lives can be so beautiful with this deep friendship in them.

I am thankful, Jack, that of this great burning, human spark it has been given to

me a little understanding. I live for my Art and ask of you, your helpful sympathy as a good comrade. Bah! this kissing of the throat, neck and eyes; this sighing for something we know not what; this ah! nonsense! That is what John the butler-man and Mary the parlor-maid indulge in. But Art, my dear old Jack, lifts us to a freer breath; to a larger air. It lives in honest laughter and sacred grief. Intelligence is its interpreter.

I must endure a life with these people until Monday. How I hate these men! They are all alike. The only man with any brains at all is this beast, Harvey Robinson. The man who sits next to me at the table is a loquacious idiot. I feel as Disraeli expressed it when he had an undesirable dinner partner who would talk, "I had not even the consolation of a silent stuff."

The steward has just brought me a half pint of your favorite Moet et Chandon and some olives. I drink to you, my

lord. Surely a bit of a golden liquid at sea gives one a feeling of peace which somebody said the consolation of religion fails to bring—"the peace which passeth all understanding."

Besides these people, my dear Jack, your halo enlarges and I wish I could proclaim to them that the dearest fellow in the world, Jack Harding, is so far above them, I despise them all.

Write to me at Lennox where I shall be in two weeks with the Lawrences, sketching. Au revoir, old chum. I hope this long scrawl will not bore you, but I had to tell someone just how I felt.

Yours,

KATHARINE.

P. S.—I am making a sketch of the harbor from Ochre Point. How would you like it in that dear old den of yours?

I saw this little verse to-day, do you know it?

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow ;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

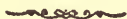
But you must have hope and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

Letter VIII.

HOTEL D'IÉNA

26 et 28, Avenue d'Iéna

PARIS



PARIS, August 21st, 1894.

DEAR KATHARINE :

You know the old adage, "To talk of love is to make love," and knowing your propensity for talking on the subject and giving your views of it, I am half inclined to sympathize with the poor devil you "sat on" at Newport. Now I know you will hate me for writing this, but you must remember, my dear little woman, that all men do not think as you do. And then you know you had not trained him as you have trained me. With your figure and those splendid blue eyes I admire, you

should be careful. No, Katharine, on thinking it over I don't believe I have the strength of character to blame that weak idiot for losing his head.

Paris is dull ; I want to get away as soon as possible. I am in a frightfully bad humor to-night. I hate to think of your being on that d—— yacht. I sometimes half wish you were red-haired and freckled, and maybe some of those beastly men would not make such fools of themselves. I would love you just the same. In fact I think, my dear, I would adore every tiny little freckle. I am off for Vienna to-night.

Yours,

JACK.

Letter ix.



ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB
MEDIA, PA

HUNT, September 10th.

JACK DEAR :

Je vous fais mes compliments. You fraud ! The idea of your telling me you found Paris dull ! Think of John Harding, journalist, lawyer and artist, finding the Boulevards dull ! I am here on the Masons' coach. Now I, cher ami, do find this dull and I see no reasonable reason why I should find it so. A hunt breakfast.

All the world is here. It is gay and festive, but the bottom crust of my pie seems gone. I can see you smile. You silly conceited fellow, and you flatter yourself you know why I am looking through these "blue glasses." I hope you appreciate the honesty of this statement and can read between the lines. If your conceit will carry you further you will know whom it is I miss.

Yours,

KATHARINE.

Letter x.

UNIVERSITY CLUB

PHILADELPHIA, October 8th, 94.

Will it please your royal highness to take déjeuner à la fourchette with me at one at the Bellevue?

Eduard shall have ready a flowing bowl of your Moet et Chandon and Pom-mard. Don't keep me waiting, Katharine dear. It has been so long.

Your impatient

JACK.

Letter XI.



PHILADELPHIA, October 8th, 94.

CHER AMI :

Of course the afternoon is yours. I am beside myself with joy at the thought of seeing you. We have had too much pen, ink and paper friendship. I want to see you, but come to the studio. Send lunch there. We can be alone, and you can sit by my fire and smoke and tell me all about yourself. And what you leave out, my reverend Jack, I will read in the flames.

KATHARINE.

P. S.—You must see my sketch of the Harbor. It is almost finished and I want your opinion.

Letter XII.



PHILADELPHIA. October 15th, 1894.

Et tu Brute. And has my friend turned traitor? My honest hero, my friend Jack. Is he but clay?

Is he just like other men? I have refused to see you and have made no answer when I knew it was your knock at the studio door. Your violets wilt on the rug. I can't pick them up. I can't touch them. The odor comes up from their dying petals as a ghost of something gone. Something dead in my life.

You have betrayed my trust. When I gave you my honest, deep and loyal

friendship you swore to me, putting your hands in mine, we would be true and loyal comrades. We would seek together the higher truths and by each other's help, make our lives better and fuller.

You knew my views on the subject. You knew I had said I could love no man any other way ; that a deep, lasting Platonic friendship was all I could give. Ah, Jack, that any lower feeling comes to you pains me.

When you held me in your arms that awful day you returned, and kissed me in that passionate way, your eyes so strangely wild, I almost hated you. A shudder of repulsion ran over me and for a moment I cursed the fate that brought you into my life. I could have borne it better had you grown tired of me, than that you should have spoken as you did. I almost believe that until to-day I had no sorrow. It was anger before, but now an intense desire that you may remain true to yourself is all I feel.

You asked me to love you as other women love men; to marry you. Ah Jack! All men are alike, holding this idea of possession. They are not content in possessing a woman's heart and friendship. They ask for her body and soul. Until man and woman can remain good comrades and intellectual friends as man and man are, woman can never hold the place meant for her in this world. Dear Jack, forget your passion of the other day. Tell me it was the fumes of wine in your head. Come back and be my honest, loyal friend with no thought of else. In me you will find an honest helpmate, your feminine comrade.

Sentimentality between good fellows is foolish. Let me find in you a noble, honest man who will think less of my blue eyes than of my sincere heart.

No, Jack, I am not a cold woman. But I am a woman without passion of the kind men desire. My passion is art, and I so love it that it is the only thing in life can make me thrill with emotion.

You are better than other men, Jack. You did not mean what you said, I know. Come help me to lead a better life, and together we can soar above the sensual world and worship the best there is.

If you will come and be my friend again under these terms, respecting my views, come to the studio to-day. I will wait until four, but if you cannot come—but bah! I won't allow myself to think of that. The other afternoon was only a horrible nightmare; a wretched dream. I implore you let us be happy as we were and let—let the flesh be in abeyance. Of it are created all of the woes, miseries and jealousies that ruin happiness. Kill it, stifle it and forgive that in me which tempts it. Remember, nothing like that must ever come into our friendship again. Meet me to-day as though nothing had happened. Dear Jack, believe me in all sincerity,

Your Friend,

KATHARINE.

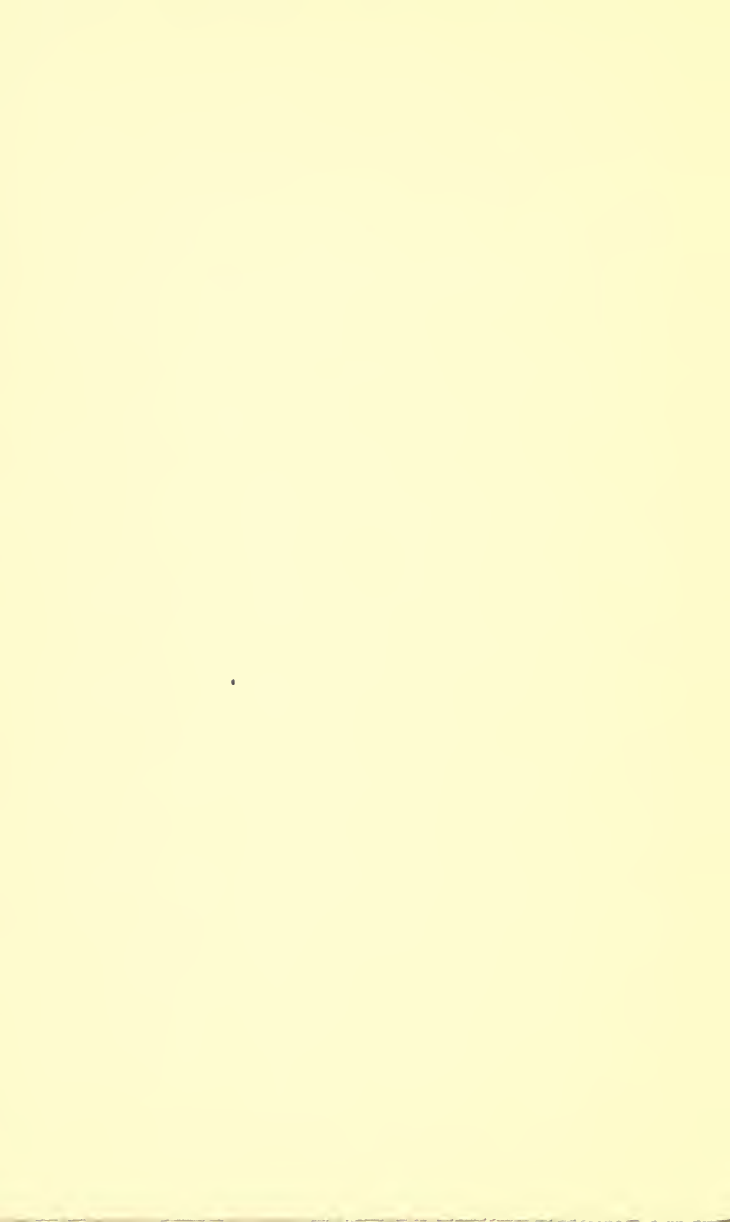
Letter XIII.

THE UNION LEAGUE
PHILADELPHIA

October 16th, 94.

Forgive me, Katharine. Let me try
again. I was a brute.

JACK.



Letter xiv.

The Waldorf.
Fifth Avenue and 33d St.
New York.

November 8th, 1894.

DEAR JACK :

“To see and to be seen” is the motto of the week, especially, dwelling on the latter part of the phrase. “When society calls the Horse Show roll, you know the penalty of being left out.” I am here with the Schuyler-Hamptons. Mrs. S— wants me to ask you to join us to-morrow evening at dinner. Jack Cochran is here with his cobs and his money-bags. The combination, in spite of his atrocious plaid trousers and awful lisp, will probably be an open sesame at that august portal—Society. Poor fellow, he looks so frightened all the

time ; so afraid he may commit the unpardonable sin of being agreeable to some nice people he likes who are “not in it,” or being cold to some one he detests who “is in it.” He almost cut that homely and freckled little Miss Webb, until he saw her in the box with the Hoffmans, and now the ardor that shines in his mottled gray eyes is pathetic. Mon Dieu ! what a life !

We will expect you to dine at seven.

KATHARINE.

Letter xv.

The Waldorf.
Fifth Avenue and 33d St.
New York.

November 11th, 1894.

MON AMI :

You actually saw me last night in the box and would not come to speak to me? How dare you tell me of it? Of course I wore your violets. They are so fresh and sweet this morning, but they feel just as resentful of your neglect as I do. I return home Saturday. Come in Sunday to tea. Come and have a nice confidential chat by the fire.

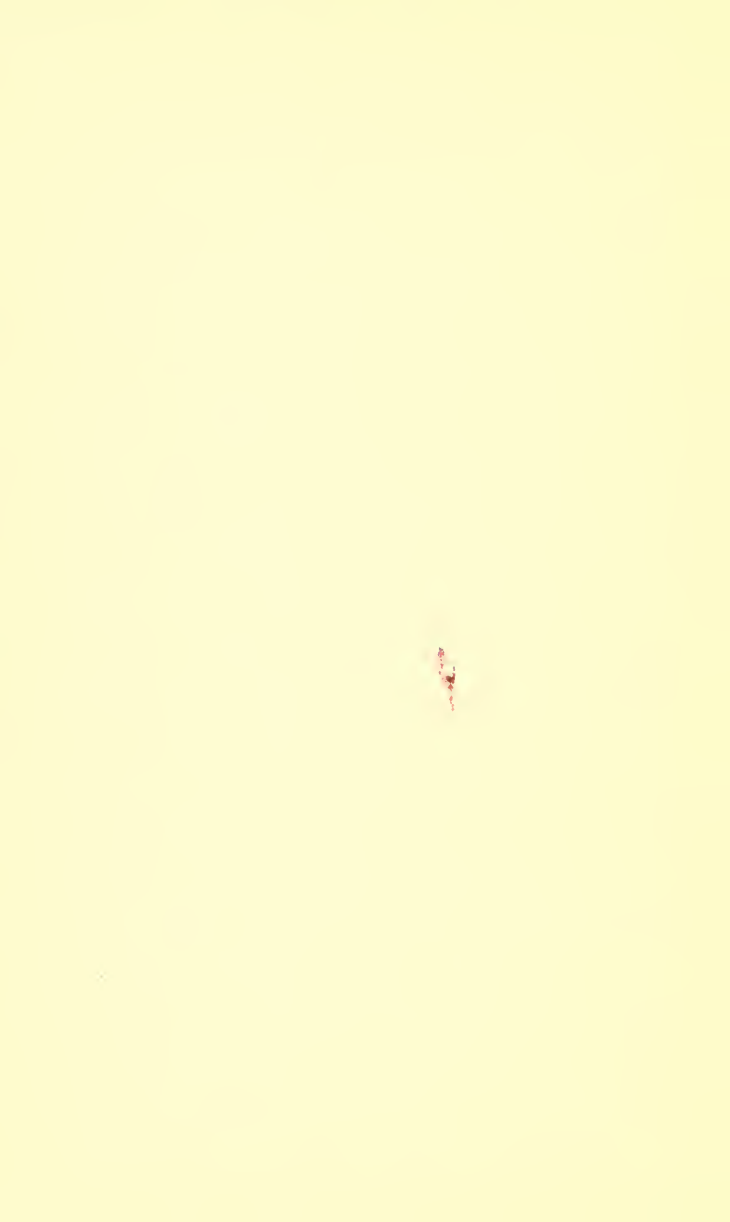
Dear, I did enjoy your violets, but don't write me notes like that. Something is creeping into our friendship that will eat

away its best flavor, and all the nonsense you write is so silly and unworthy of you. Don't be angry. Will see you Sunday.

KATHARINE.

P. S.—The Floyds dined us yesterday. Methinks that silly little cousin of theirs is quite épris with my Jack. Is it so?

Letter XVI.



THE RACQUET CLUB.
923 WALNUT STREET.

November 14th, 1894.

MY DARLING KATHARINE :

Will be up Sunday at 5.30. Will explain why I did not speak to you in New York. Have much to tell you. For God's sake listen to me kindly. I am miserable, and only you can help me.

Your adoring

JACK.

Letter xvii.



PHILADELPHIA, January 5th, 1895.

DEAR JACK :

It is a long time since we met, long as we have been in the habit of measuring time ; nearly a month. I feared it would be so. And yet, Jack, you write these brutal letters here before me, demanding a love and passion you know I cannot give you. It is all over then—ended. Our sweet friendship, our camaraderie; the long walks; the cosy evenings at my fireside ; the petites soupers ; the long working days in the

studio, with the cosy little lunches we cooked on the chafing-dish and served on the old worn divan, you, Turk fashion at one end, and I at the other. Oh ! I can see you now, Jack ! You looked so funny in my working apron as you stirred those tough chicken livers, and struggled with our only pint of Apollinaris with your pen-knife. And do you remember the rainy day I put "Out of Town" on my door, and putting on those old Persian sandals we crept about noiselessly and talked in whispers all afternoon for fear of Mother Grundy. That was the day, dear, we lunched sumptuously on quail and champagne. And then at dessert took all those soft oranges we could not eat and stuck them on the easel points and in the palms and called it our "orange grove."

Then that hot Sunday. All the world out of town, and we two jaunting along the shady roads with that wretchedly slow old horse. Do you remember how terribly hungry we were at noon ; and the old



“WE LUNCED SUMPTUOUSLY ON QUAIL AND CHAMPAGNE.”

White Horse Inn ; the loquacious handmaid ; the sick people ; the consumptive one in the room near the piazza ; the typhoid fever patient, and heaven knows how many others ; the dark, musty "best room" with its hair-cloth sofa, its wax flowers, and tatting "tidies," the patchwork pillow, the photograph album, and the worsted motto over the door ? Do you remember the wretched cold meat, the milk and the thick slices of bread and those little onions I would insist upon eating ? Dear, life such as this was very sweet to me then. Those few stolen hours among the woods and the trees. Do you recall what Holmes says of the trees, "Human lovers holding their green sunshade over their head" ?

Then the day—but, ah ! it is all over, all those sweet days of comradeship, and all because you will be a brute. Because you will assert yourself as the every-day commonplace man and demand possession of something I cannot give you. It was the animal in you, not the man that wrote that

letter. You know my views. You know I give you the best I am capable of. I can never be your wife. I am to you now what few women are to their husbands ; your companion. You accuse me of being cold ; of having no passion. You wrong me there. True I have not, thank God, the passion you mean, the kind one reads of in silly French novels, which soon fizzles out and proves itself only to have been the sensual in us.

No, I have none of that. The kind of a feeling John has for Polly, the scullery maid, when he watches her pretty little ankles as she trips down the lodge steps.

I have passion, a great deal of it, and I long for it in you. But the passion I want in you was in Horatio Nelson's heart when he fell at Trafalgar ; in Joan of Arc's heart when she rode into Rheims ; in Raphael's heart when he painted the face of the Sistine Madonna ; Martin Luther felt it when he cried out against the profanity of the Church. The passion I want in you is in

the young student's heart when he hears the iron gate clang behind him and raises his head to receive the benediction of the Holy fathers. The passion I mean and the kind I have dreamed you and I could feel together, is the kind that helps to make the world's great history. It is in the heart of all great developments and theories. It has nothing of the animal in it. You love me, you say, and therefore you ask me impatiently why can't we marry and try this thing called life, together?

Ah, Jack ! I once thought it could be together ; not in the way you mean, but I thought that the best of each of us could help the other to a great and noble work. You have opened my eyes. You do not understand me, and I—I cannot feel as you do. No, our lives cannot be together. There is something in me you cannot satisfy. All my feelings would be foreign to you. There is something in me you hurt when you wrote as you did ; something larger than love, for it is the basis of all love ;

more than wisdom, for it is knowledge ; better than good, for it contains evil also : Shakespeare had it and my kitchen maid may have it. Its horizon lifts to a freer breath and a purer air. To find it, and to feel it, sets one's blood flowing toward the best, and toward the meanest of God's creatures. It is a part of everything in my life. And this you hurt and bruise—the Artistic Spirit !

Fah ! Should we marry, I feel sure that I would hate you that you could ever make me experience a moment when I was blind to all that was best on earth. Oh ! Jack, it makes me shudder to read your letter.

There are many women of the kind you want, willing enough to walk along the beaten track with you. Why should I give up all my ambitions, all my hopes, my longings, and wild dreams and the work that will come ? An old lady once said to me, “ My dear, I hope you will never know what it is to have your heart awakened to

anything but the greatest and highest work. Love your art, love your ambition, but never let your frail woman's heart feel the hot, seething, and turbulent sea of love for a man. It is this love that brings rapture, it is this love that brings misery. Your lover will surely grow tired of you. This you won't believe at first, but it is true, and the curse will be that you will remember what has been."

By and by, Jack, the world will grow tired of me, of my little fame, of my work. Some other woman will be the lion then. They will tear me down from my little pedestal and put her in my place. By and by, I will grow old, and my beauty will fade, little by little, a wrinkle and then a gray hair, a fulness of the hips, a roundness of the shoulders, a dullness in my gray eyes, and you will watch it go. You will coldly and critically count each charm as it leaves me. And then when your doll is broken you will see with your eyes, with your sensual sight that it was only stuffed with

sawdust after all. Ah, Jack! It is what you would call the sawdust that I want you to care for ; not my eyes, my hair, my slender waist. These all go. They are not *myself*, my *best self*, which is striving to lift me out of the gross and filth of this life, to be a part of that which is most beautiful. We are so different, you and I. A year ago we did not see it. I thought then our friendship would last always. I thought then we had solved the problem that Plato tells us is the best life. I was so happy. But life is not all dreams. My little dream is over. I have awakened, and our story is finished.

Go ! Marry some little woman who does not dream or think of these things. She will be the wife for you. She will answer your caresses with a passion I cannot feign. She will not mind the *brute* in you. She has been brought up to expect it. And by and by, when her beauty fades, well—there are other girls, pretty enough to take her place, for women will ever be fools that

way. I will go on with my work and my Art alone. Do not attempt to see me again. You cannot alter my views or make me less cold, as you term it. Go from my life and let me go out of yours. There is nothing more I can say, and nothing more I will say. It is over.

Sincerely yours,

KATHARINE.

Letter XVIII

THE UNION LEAGUE
PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA, January 9th, 1894.

MY DEAR KATHARINE :

Nobody but women know how to be so refinedly cruel. Nobody but a woman can use a pen so poisoned with clever satire and keen wit. I will not bother you again, Katharine. I will go out of your life. You can never go out of mine. Though your name may never pass my lips again, your image will ever be on my heart. If I should curse you, it would be the hope that the day would come when your real woman's heart would awaken and long for love, and your mother-nature grieve for the cry of a little child, only to find the door closed upon you. But I do not say this,

dear. I wish you from the bottom of my heart all that will make you happy, sweetheart. I am going to keep that little miniature you gave me. I want to have it with me always. It may prove my guardian angel and keep me straighter than my weak nature otherwise might. A sentimental old fool, you think me, I know. But with that in my pocket it will be easier to force back the tears and keep down the sobs a man feels weak in showing.

God bless you, my darling. You are too good for me, and I should have known it.

JACK.



"I WILL GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE."

“Times ” Clipping.

✓

Tete-a-Tete

Mr. John Harding, the well known art critic and journalist, sails to-day by the American Line Steamship "St. Louis" for Southampton. Mr. Harding will remain some time in London, and then accompanies a party of Englishmen to India in the interest of a railroad syndicate. Mr. Harding will continue his journalistic life by sending letters from time to time from Bombay and the interior. His studio has been sold, but we have promise of many treasures from his versatile brush, as he will act as artist for the English syndicate. Mr. Harding will be greatly missed from the world of society where his bonhomie and Bohemian hospitality have made him a great favorite.

* * *

Miss Katharine Pemberton, the well-known artist and sculptor, has issued invitations to a series of "At Homes" at her new studio on Broad street. Miss Pemberton's studio is one of the most artistic in the city, containing a great variety of curious and interesting things, picked up during her studies abroad. Wonderful bits of old bronze and carved oaken chests; faded tapestries that could tell weird stories; old Italian daggers and knives with curiously wrought handles; elaborately carved mugs and steins. It is decidedly a nook rich in attractions, and carries the fancy back to the romance of by-gone days. Altogether these "At Homes," will prove very popular, for society is always on the lookout for something out-of-the-common, and invitations for a peep into this smart Bohemia will be eagerly sought for. Miss Pemberton will be assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. Cadwallader-Smith and Mrs. Biddle-Mason. Miss Pemberton has announced her intention of devoting her life to art, and will, during the winter, give some talks on Modern Sculpture in the Hotel Stratford parlors.

Letter XIX.



PHILADELPHIA,

January 2d, 1898.

MY DEAR ISABEL :

I am in my dear old studio, sitting with my legs crossed on a rug on the floor, with books, papers, plaster casts and all kinds of rubbish around me in confusion. But in the midst of it I must have a talk with you, my dearest Isabel. Ah, Isabel ! I am off for London Saturday. I can't help it. I don't want to help it. I am going to meet Jack. He returns from India this week,

and—well—I know now there is nothing else worth living for in life ; nothing worth striving for, save Love. It is everything to me. Three years, three long miserable years, pride kept the smile on my face the world saw, but behind it was an aching heart. A miserable, empty heart calling for Jack. I have written him a few lines. He will understand. I shall send them to his bankers in London where I have found he will be this week. I had a letter from him a year ago from Poonah, the only letter he has written me since he left. I never answered it. But I am going to him now. Do you think me *very* foolish ? I know I am *very* happy. I know now what love is. I know now my mistake ; how I kept from my life all that was best. The world calls me cold ! Ah, Isabel ! I have lain awake nights, torn with a yearning and anguish, only one dear hand, one touch, could soothe. I have kissed with a passion I never knew I could feel, the torn blue apron dear old Jack used to wear when we would cook our little

Bohemian lunches in here. Memories ! This room is so full of them it stifles me ; it chokes me. There in that corner, the worn divan where Jack used to lounge and smoke his cigarettes, while I would work hard away at modelling. That chubby Cupid he always laughed at, and those plaster hands, feet and noses for my class, casts of all kinds, finished and unfinished, each and all hold a memory dear to me. Ah ! for those days again ! I long for them. Yet not just the same do I want them. No, something fuller, something deeper. I was not a woman then. I was a *thing* of head and mind. A *thing* so selfish, so cold. Now, thank God, I am a woman. A woman with a soul and a heart, for whom life holds so much. Jack loved me with a love so deep, so tender, so strong, and so true. He once kissed me. Ah ! God ! that anything could be so sweet.

Has your pulse ever throbbed as mine throbs now ? Has your heart ever felt it would break forth from its prison walls,

unless pressed hard against the breast you long for and love? Has your blood ever surged through your veins as mine surges now?

I want to give myself, my life, my body and my soul to Jack. To be his wife. The mother of his children. The pain and agony of child-birth must, after all, be a delicious pain to a woman bringing into the world the child of a man she loves. And then to feel that innocent one's little fingers, his little mouth at your breast, to feel the hurt, to think this little being is a part of you and of him.

All the strings of my heart vibrate at the mention of his name. They sing a song all day long. I think if I found he did not love me, one of these strings would snap and break with a groan of pain that would kill me. But it won't be. It can't be. Dear, big, careless Jack loves me, I know. I feel it. And I—I turned away from the sweetest joys of life three years ago. Ah! I can bear it no longer. The world holds

but one thought, one dream for me. All day and all night I see his face. I lie awake in the dark with the starlight shining in my room and live over every blessed moment we have been together. Do you think I am weak? No, dear, I am strong—strong in my great love. I fought against it. Oh, believe me, I despised myself at first, but it came over me like a flood that would not be stopped, and I yielded. Yielded to find myself a better woman for so doing. Dear Isabel, do you know half what I feel? You will never know, for you never knew what it was to have been starved for love. Once I modeled Jack's arm, and for fun we finished it and mounted it on a scarlet cloth on my wall. I can let no one see it now. It seems too sacred. I keep it covered, and last night I kissed it, ah, so gently; I felt almost that it would come to life at my touch. I sail on Saturday. I am sure the steamer will actually seem to creep. Jack will be in London in a few days. My letter will reach there only two days before

I do. I shall not send for him. I sent him away, so now I go to him. You would laugh at the foolish things I do. I want to seem to him just as I was when he left me. My hair he always liked. He said it was *gold* to him. It has been getting a bit dark, so, my dear (don't ever breathe this to any one) I am washing it in *soda*. And then my gown. It came home to-day. The gown I shall wear when I meet him. He always liked me in brown. Did you ever see this little poem? I picked it up to-day. I don't know who wrote it.

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

“Just a-wearyin' for you,
All the time a-feelin' blue
Waitin' for you, wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen;
Restless, don't know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

“Keep a mopin' day by day,
Dull, in everybody's way;
Folks they smile and pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew;
Jest a-wearyin' for you.

“ Room’s so lonesome with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there,
Jest can’t stand the sight of it ;
Go out doors an’ roam a bit,
But the woods is lonesome too
Jest a-wearyin’ for you.

“ Comes the wind with soft caress
Like the rustlin’ of your dress ;
Blossoms falling to the ground
Softly like your footsteps bound ,
Violets, like your eyes so blue,
Jest a-wearyin’ for you.

“ Mornin’ comes, the birds awake
(Use to sing so for your sake),
But there’s sadness in the notes
That comes thrillin’ from their throats ;
Seem to feel your absence too
Jest a-wearyin’ for you.

“ Evenin’ falls, I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door ;
Seems jest like you orter be
There to open it for me ;
Latch goes tinklin’, thrills me through,
Jest a-wearyin’ for you.

“ Jest a-wearyin’ for you,
All the time a-feelin’ blue,
Wishin’ for you wonderin’ when
You’ll be home agen ;
Restless, don’t know what to do,
Jest a-wearyin’ for you.”

I had a dream last night. It seemed so real to me. Far off, perhaps on the border of the Forest of Arden when the world was peopled with gods of a noble race, I was wandering in a beautiful glade. I had been modeling all day, working hard with my chisel on a bust of that great god Pan which had been ordered by the Forest gods for their fête day early the next moon. I had worked hard and was tired, and as the sun lowered into a delicious red crescent I wandered along the river bank in the pride of my free strength. Suddenly I came across a tall slender maiden with golden hair and wonderful deep-blue eyes. Whence comes this maiden? Never before in all my wanderings had I met a woman in this lovely glade. She was leaning against a lily of gigantic size and whose petals were not fairer than her face.

She raised her head as I came near and looked into my eyes with a fearless gaze, then laughed a low, happy laugh.

“What dost thou here, maiden, in idleness? What makest thy laugh so light and free? Dost have no cares, no deep thought, no great work to do?” I ventured.

“Cares? Work? What meanest thou? Cares? Work? I Live and Love.” And with this she bounded lightly across the stones in the stream, laughing and shaking her golden head. I watched her till she reached a fountain of crystals on the other side and saw her draw water in a silver jug.

She began to laugh, a low, happy laugh, because some yellow butterfly had alighted on a fold of her flowing white garment. I looked over the hill leading to the valley where the great warriors live, and saw Percival, first and comeliest son of a mighty king, ride forth on his royal white charger, brilliant with white and gold trappings. This noble knight, with his heavy white armor leaned on his saddle bow and gazed about the glade. Suddenly his eyes

caught sight of the maiden. A love light came into them, and he leaped from his horse and stood gazing in rapture as she filled the silver pitcher. She looked up and saw him. At that he went toward her, but she, with a light laugh ran down the marble steps, on up the path of lilies and ferns, laughing all the while. Now and then she would stop and pluck a white and then a red rose and throw them back to the youth. Her red gold hair flowed on her shoulders like a brilliant cloak. Soon the youth caught her, and she, laughing all the while, wound her arms about his neck, and their lips met in a betrothal kiss.

The breezes of Heaven murmured a benediction.

* * * * *

You know it is said the forest gods during the darkness leave their palaces in the caves, wander about with the mountain nymphs on the border of the glade. In the days when I kept my night watches, the mother of the gods came to me and told

me the Secret of Happiness. But when the morning sun would come I could never remember the words. I could recall but a murmur like the bubbling of the stream.

All day long I would sit at my work, and always dancing before me or resting near the reeds of my easel or moulding table, was a fair smiling child. His bright mischievous eyes, in whose blue depths there seemed to be the wisdom of years, were always catching my gaze, inviting me to leave off my work. His pink little body shone like sea pearl in the sun. He had wings of gold, and around his manly little chest was flung a golden quiver filled with arrows of lapis, each tipped with a blood-red ruby. His little golden bow was always in his hand and on his head was a helmet of precious stones. Day by day he came and sat by my side, pointing out to me some flaw in the modeling, some harsh line. And I alway found he was correct. One day he came too close, he stayed too long, he annoyed me. I begged him go. He only

laughed and caressed my hair with his chubby hands. I determined to have him go. He took my mind from my work. He was only a bothersome child and I could not finish my great work if he were there.

The next morning, as the sun shone down in his mighty splendor on my fast growing head of the great god Pan, I heard the little fellow's knock. I would not let him in. I spoke harshly to him. He gave me a look, O! so sad and pathetic, and leaped over the hedge of lilies and roses and ran past me swift as a deer. I watched his little pink figure past the dahlias and scarlet poppies, over the walls of the orange, red and white tulips, along the edge of the glade, among the mosses and ferns. I saw him stop before a maiden all in white, the tall maiden, who answered me so strangely in the forest. She stooped to kiss him. They ran gayly together to the fountain.

I felt a sharp pain in my heart. I put my hand there and found one of the lapis,

ruby-tipped arrows buried deep in my flesh. I could not draw it out without sharp pain. It seemed to be cutting into my soul. I looked at the roses in my hands. Their pale petals turned a vivid red and they seemed no longer wilted but had drunk in a new life, and were full of thorns.

I turned to my work. Heavens! the face and the head I had spent so many hours upon were no longer there. It had crumbled to pieces. Only the stand was left, only the clay foundation, whose rough edges formed a curiously cruel face. A vile, sneering old hag with a sinister smile. I looked closer. My God! It had my features—my features distorted and misshapen. I pulled off the broken pieces and tried to mould them again, and alas! they all turned into clumsy, hideous shapes. I could do nothing. My hand had lost its cunning. I looked around the forest and the glade so lonely. A feeling, a fear, an emptiness of heart came upon me. I looked into the crystal depths of the blue river

and my face was a hideous mask of wrinkles and hard-set features. God ! I cried out in anguish. I called out to my little baby friend with his golden wings. I ran down the path over sharp stones that cut and bruised my feet. I sank upon a rock and buried my head in my hands. O the pain ! O my heart ! Bitter tears ran down my face and burned my skin. I called again for the little fair-haired god. He only answered in a low, merry laugh as of happiness. I looked. Across the river in a bower of red and white roses and tall graceful lilies, sitting on a yellow tiger skin is the tall fair maiden, reclining with her head on the noble knight's breast. He looked at her and whispered in her ear ; she blushed and smiled back in happy content. The little chubby pink god was playing at their feet, his merry laugh ringing out on the perfumed air. I fell face down on a sharp rock, cutting my side and the blood oozed from the wound. As I lay there in my anguish I could still hear the low, happy

laugh of the maiden and the knight. Just at this part I awakened.

* * * * *

I hear the postman's ring. Could it be possible ! Yet I hope—I think if I saw his dear, familiar round hand, I would simply grab the old postman and kiss his grizzled, wrinkled face. I will send this off now. The old man is waiting, so pardon my abrupt ending. I will write from London. You won't mind this long letter, will you, dear ? But I felt I must tell some one. My heart was bursting. I am so happy.

Your loving

KATHARINE.

Letter xx.



TELEPHONE N^o 3617.
TELEGRAMS, "CECELIA, LONDON"

HOTEL CECIL.
STRAND, W. C.

January 20th, 1898.

MY DEAR KATHARINE :

Will you felicitate me? To-morrow I am going to be married to a very sweet, lovely girl who has consented to put up with my oddities for life. I want to tell you before you hear it from anyone else, and I know you will congratulate me on my happiness. I have told Miss Keeling of you, and I want you to be friends. I shall bring her to America at once.

I met Edith, Miss Keeling, in India, where her father held the place of chaplain of the British Cavalry Regiment at Poonah. He died a month ago, so we will be married quietly at Edith's Aunt's (Lady Playfair), to-morrow morning. Believe me, my dear Katharine,

Your very sincere friend,

JOHN HARDING.

Letter XXI.

January 12th, 1898.

TO MRS. HENRY LAWRENCE,
Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR ISABEL :

Thank you very much for your kind words of sympathy. There is nothing to tell you other than you have read. The physicians said it was the bursting of a bloodvessel from overwrought nerves and mental excitement. We found her dead on the studio floor. Confusion all about, for she was preparing to go to London, you know, to visit the Gordons. I enclose a clipping from a London paper. It was clasped in Kate's hand when we found her. You may remember Mr. Harding. He and Kate were very friendly at one time. They

were both wrapped up in Art. His marriage was quite sudden, I hear. I send you the marble Psyche. Kate would wish you to have it. I will always be glad to see you for my daughter's sake and for my own.

Yours, cordially,

ELLEN PEMBERTON.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 085 915 7

